

Autumn Carnival – Glen Nevis

By Linda Beaton

A drunken autumn, staggers raucously
across the crumpled glen,
trailing peroxide blondes with tousled hair
through the amber sheen of polished elegance.

The brazen relatives
also flirt in tipsy invitation
spiralling sassily
unashamed of the port wine stains
upon their character.
But below the revelry
shy sage shuns the celebrations
and curls in acute embarrassment
under trumpeting orange pride.

Wind and dappled cloud conduct a wild concerto
over this incestuous orchestra.
But in the distance - by a ruined sheiling,
a rowan tree
bleeds a tragic memory
upon a yellow sea.
It calls to us,
so we accept the invitation
and listen to its silence sung
by the bloom of lichen on a stone.

Then the air splits
into a glut of roaring,
as primeval passions flare across the glen.
Bursting hearts that challenge fearlessly
and juxtapose upon the silence
the focused fury of the rut.

Then the eye brims -- again,
but this time crystals swell across the leaden sky,
to spill the vibrant choir of a perfect bow
upon gray satin luminosity.
The entrance fee?
Twenty footsore miles ...
There were no concessions.